Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not live.
Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe?
Mon. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* friend,
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we doe exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawles doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else when he is found, that houre is the last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the West,
And bring in clowdy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine love-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, untalkt of and unseene:
Lovers can see to doe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of love too blind,
It best agrees with night: come civill night,
Thou sober suited matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to lose a winning match,
Plai'd for a paire of stainlesse maiden-heads:
Hood my unman'd blood baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle: till strange love grow bold,
Thinke true love acted simple modesty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a Ravens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when he shall dye,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sunne.
O I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet injoy'd; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festivall,
To an impatient childe that hath new robes,
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse,

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and every tongue that speakes
But *Romeo's* name, speakes heavenly eloquence.
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurse. I, I, the cords.
Jul. Ay me, what newes? why doest thou wring thy hands?
Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone:
Alack the day, hee's gone, hee's kill'd, hee's dead,
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*?
Jul. What divell art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell:
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Than the death-darting eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I.
If he be slaine say I, or if not, No,
Briefe sounds determine of my weale or woe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo